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The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE

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The Two Emancipators.

[Mr. Kramien would have delivered this oration at Forest Grove had he not been taken sick. On thought and composition he received second place.]

There is a time when the sun forsakes the North-land, and the long night of winter spreads its mantle over snowy waste and ice-locked river. Then hands invisible shift the scenes of heaven and the northern lights make twilight of the darkness. Strangers in that land cannot but believe the day is dawning. But not until the twilight prophecy is old, by weeks and months, does the new day dawn. Then bright lances pierce the bosom of the night; dark shadows flee away before the chariot wheels of the morning; light must always conquer darkness.

This picture of the Arctic night finds its counterpart in the history of slavery. There was a time when, upon a race of men, the sun of liberty rose no more, and slavery wrapped them in the darkness of despair. The black men toiled on in that long night of destiny, nor raised their eyes in hope until two great souls swept forth "with healing in their wings," and along the vista of the future spread the auroral flush of hope. Two lives led the cohorts of a new and brighter day. Before them the black man's sorrow and sighing was destined to flee away. Right must always conquer wrong.

The first great battle against slavery and the last were not far apart. The rallying cry still echoed when arose the songs of victory and freedom. The New World saw the beginning and the end of the mighty struggle. The first battle was fought on the little island of San Domingo; the last dyed with blood the soil of our own loved country.

Two master spirits marshalled the hosts of freedom. The negro, Toussant L'Ouverture, forged the first sword and struck the first decisive blow against slavery. When his spirit returned to its Creator, the cause of the black man seemed without a champion. But in that same decade God sent the child Abraham Lincoln, destined to take up the work of the Black Emancipator, carry it to its inevitable climax and conclusion and become the Emancipator of the Blacks.

It is sometimes well to view the achievements of men as a whole, to stand before the finished work, and then to judge the workmen. Go back with me to the gray dawn of history and see slavery rise up like a phantom from the realms of darkness; see it intrenched in the proud ramparts of old Babylon and hear it mocking the power of the Pharaohs. The fair flower of Hellenic virtue withers before its breath, and Roman civilization totters to its fall. See the monster come with spectre tread down across the centuries. See it in the cotton fields of our Southern states, in the depths of Africa's jungles, in the plantations of Brazil, in the courts of England. See it lifting its victor head and ruling supreme. Then listen and hear, tolling from the little island of San Domingo, the death knell of slavery. Hear it echo over every ocean, into every country, across mountains, through valleys. Hear it roll from a thousand Federal guns. See the monster, slavery, fall and die "beneath the apple blossoms of Appomattox."

In panoramic view we have seen the birth, the life and the death of slavery. Now let us return to San Domingo and see the great prince of the negroes, Toussant L'Ouverture, the warrior who struck the first blow for the freedom of his enslaved countrymen. Born a plantation slave, with the purest type of negro blood coursing through his veins, with a heritage of ignorance and poverty as old as the cen-

turies, negro and slave, this brave spirit determined to slay despotism. He was in the prime of manhood and had never seen a soldier. Now he stood facing the crisis. His rights denied and his claims ignored, he sounded the bugle call for the coming fight. His countrymen rallied to his side. San Domingo echoed the cheers of the minute men at Lexington and the patriots at Bunker Hill. The rebellion burst forth in all its fury. Alone and unaided, L'Ouverture led in the first battle against slavery. He saw England and America step back in neutrality. Europe was marshalled against him. Before him were thousands of the best soldiers France ever had. Veterans of a hundred battles had come to fight this untrained negro. Not for a moment did his courage fail nor his arm falter. He sent forth his only proclamation. Over the hills resounded the cry: "My children, all France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away." L'Ouverture was the embodied strength of a righteous cause. There at the head of his troops he saw the French soldiers fall into the graves they had dug with their own hands. He saw the French flag stained with the blood of its own general. He stood like a rock, impregnable; he moved like a flood, irresistible. The first battle for freedom was fought and won.

Humiliated and enraged by defeat at the hands of the man he hated, Napoleon's cruel arm was stretched forth in treachery. Under a false pretense, L'Ouverture was lured into a council for negotiations of peace. There he was seized by armed soldiers, bound with chains and immediately carried to France. When brought before Napoleon, L'Ouverture crowned his cause with these words: "You think that by overthrowing me you have crushed out negro liberty, but I have planted the tree so deep in San Domingo that all France can never root it up." His reward for those immortal words was death. Into a dark dungeon the proud

form was thrown. There he was left, without food and warmth, to starve and die like a dog. But
 When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's
 aching breast
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to
 west.

L'Ouverture's lips were silent. His strong arms were folded. But his prophetic words were the preamble to universal emancipation. His deeds were for eternity. His spirit descended on a little child in a log cabin of Kentucky. That child grew to boyhood. That boy grew to manhood. That man finished the work that God began with Toussant L'Ouverture.

We need not repeat the story of the life and work of Abraham Lincoln. It is written on the tablet of every loyal American heart. It is enough to say that he fought slavery. He fought it as a lawyer; he fought it as a candidate; he fought it as a president; he fought it to the death.

The day dawn of the black man's redemption was already breaking. Lincoln looked upon the arena of American politics, where freedom and slavery were engaged in mortal combat. Freedom was at home in America; slavery was an invader. We held within our borders four million slaves. When God wanted those black men freed, he called Abraham Lincoln to lead the American people. The crisis was on. Civil war came. Father fought son, brother fought brother, friend fought friend—fought until "For every hearthstone in the north there was a new-made grave beneath the southern sun."

Two long years passed after the first gun roared at Sumpter. Lincoln puts his name to the Proclamation of Emancipation. See him as he pauses with it before the judgment bar of his fellow-men. In his face, deep cut, are the traces of human weariness and divine compassion. Listen to his words: "And upon this act I invoke the con-

siderate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Abraham Lincoln fell in his death grapple with slavery, but slavery fell first. Like Christ, like Savonarola, like L'Ouverture, like all great reformers, Lincoln was crucified on the summit of his achievement. The hope of L'Ouverture blossomed into the life of Lincoln. The bondsman was redeemed by the blood of these two martyrs. The one a plantation slave, unaided, raised the fallen flag of freedom; the other, conquering adversity, stepped forth with a nation's aid and planted that banner on the shattered breastworks of slavery. Both were soldiers and statesmen. One black and one white; one slave and one free. Both lived and died for the same cause.

The picture is complete. It is the last scene. We bow in worthy homage before the heroes of the mighty drama. Study well their characters. God endowed them with like talents. They enriched humanity with like gifts. Their lives fuse into one life. Their deeds make up one story. History will always tell of them. Poets will always sing of them. Upon the wings of the morning their memory will speed to the uttermost ends of time, and to posterity will come this message: Two men killed the monster slavery; two men who loved principle; two soldiers who loved liberty; two statesmen who loved justice; two martyrs who will live forever, Toussant L'Ouverture and Abraham Lincoln.

Blue Mountain Scenery.

To one who is accustomed to the mountains of Western Oregon, the Blue Mountains of Eastern Oregon afford a delightful variety. He who has fought his way through the brush of the Coast Mountains and has struggled through the almost impenetrable thickets along the coast streams, will

think he has reached a mountain country that is close to paradise when he sees the Blue Mountains. The absence of tangled brush thicket delights the heart of the webfooter; the sharp, rough, jagged broken peaks and crags of the Coast or Cascade mountains are here replaced by smooth, symmetrical, well-worn hills. The mountains are everywhere covered with large pine trees; here and there level stretches of considerable area occur. Sometimes it will be on the top of a mountain; sometimes it will be a wide bench on the side of a slope; sometimes it is a veritable park between mountains. Nowhere could a person find natural conditions that make a more ideal park. Nearly everywhere the ground is covered with green pine grass, growing about half a foot high in places acres in extent. This is the only thing on the ground between the large pines. A perfect green carpet is thus laid on the forest floor. There is nothing to obstruct the view except the large, red trunks of the tar pines. One can look off yonder among the trees several hundred yards in any direction, and everywhere the green, velvety carpet extends out among the scattering trees, growing close up to the roots, leaving not one bare spot to mar the beauty. Probably there is not a limb or fallen tree trunk in sight. As he looks off among the trees, for who would not look and look with enchanted gaze in such a place, the view is lost where the branches of the trees and the grass meet in the perspective. The farther away one can see, the trees seem closer together, yet through each open space he can look into still another room of forest, carpeted beautifully and walled in by the big red trunks of the giants of the forest, and seeming to beckon to the enchanted visitor to step within. Perhaps yonder at a distance the ground drops away out of sight, and you are impressed with the idea that there must be a deep canyon there, but perhaps by raising on your tiptoes you can see over the brink to

another expanse of tree trunks and grass.

What an ideal place to gambol about! A lover of the forest, as he feasts his eyes on such a scene and lets his æsthetic nature revel in the beauty, will be seized with indescribable emotions. What a grand place to wander in the woods "and feel what you can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal." An almost irresistible impulse comes to hie away and explore every nook and corner of this labyrinth of delight. What a delight it would be to run down this gentle slope and up the next slight rise to where you could look down the next slope! What pure joy it would be to fling yourself down on the grass and roll around or peek up through the tree-tops at the skies! If you could sing, you doubtless would and use all your lung power, and it is likely the song of your heart would be "In the Shadow of the Pines." If you can not sing, you would halloo and listen to the echo. Who would not enjoy himself in such a place! As you move on, it is with regret that you must leave so delightful a spot. But regret is soon dispelled, for the Blue Mountains are a continuous series of parks and scenes of natural grandeur, and one passing through them witnesses a panorama of nature's finest works.

Annual Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

The twelfth annual contest of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association of Oregon was held at Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, March 11, 1904. At about 7:30 p. m., after the delegations from the different colleges were seated in the auditorium, one of the P. U. students took up his megaphone and declared "The Pit Open." This was the signal for outbursts of college yells and songs. Our own delegation could only sit peacefully by and wish that our

orator was not sick. It was almost half-past eight o'clock when the house was called to order and the following program given, with the exception of our representative, Aubrey Kramien:

Invocation	Principal H. L. Bates
Piano Solo, Polonaise op. 53.....	Chopin
Oration.....	Professor F. T. Chapman.
Oration.....	"Western Heroes—Western March of Empire" Edith Owen, Oregon State Normal School.
Oration.....	"Alexander Hamilton, True Founder of the American Republic" Lena Tartar, Oregon Agricultural College.
Ballad, "Mine Always".....	Housely
Oration.....	Mrs. Pauline Miller Chapman.
Oration.....	"The Passing of Absolute Leadership" Ray Goodrich, University of Oregon.
Oration.....	"The Winning of the West" Evert L. Jones, Albany College.
Oration.....	"The German Patriot" Richard Frank Peters, Pacific University.
Violin Solo, Mazurka.....	Musin
Oration.....	Professor F. T. Chapman.
Oration.....	"The Two Emancipators" Aubrey Kramien, Pacific College.
Oration.....	"America, the Mistress of the Seas" Walter C. Winslow, Willamette University.
Vocal Solo.....	"My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Sampson and Delilah" Mrs. Pauline Miller Chapman.

The judges on thought and composition were President Penrose of Whitman College, Professor Priest of the U. of W., and Mr. E. T. Allen of Portland. Those on delivery were Rev. William Gilbert of Portland, Ex-Governor T. T. Geer of Salem and Pearl Grover of McMinnville College.

After the program was finished and while the judges' decisions were being summed up, the Pit was again open and yells resounded.

President Thomas announced second place first, which was given to Mr. Goodrich of the U. of O. When he announced that first place had been awarded to Mr. Peters of the P. U., the gallery fairly resounded with yells and cheers. Several of the P. U. boys rushed to the platform and carried Mr. Peters off on their shoulders.

At half-past eleven o'clock the delegates, faculty, members and judges went to Vert's Hall, where they enjoyed a splendid banquet. The tables were tastefully decorated and the following menu served:

Oysters on Half Shell.	Clam Nectar in Cups.
Ripe Olives.	German Pickles.
Salted Almonds.	
Lobster Patties a la Newberg.	
Shrimp Salad with Mayonaise Dressing.	
Roast Spring Chicken.	Smoked Tongue.
Armour's Star Ham.	
Orange Water Ice in Oranges.	
Assorted Cakes.	Assorted Fruits
Black Coffee.	
Fruit Punch.	
Swiss Cheese.	Crackers.

The toasts were not given until after the entire menu had been served, so it was half after three when we left the banquet. The following were the toasts given, President W. N. Ferrin of Pacific University acting as toast-master: Entre Nous, Albany College; From Contest to Conquest, O. A. C.; To Those Who Don't Win, McMinnville College; The Powers That Be, O. S. N. S.; $X + Y = Z$, University of Oregon; The Personal Equation, Willamette University; The Ladies, Pacific College; Just for a Day, Pacific University.
LIZZIE KIRK, '04.

THE CRESCENT.

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There are plenty of people in the world who are more bent on contending for their own ideas than contending for

the truth. College people ought to be counted on for one thing in this respect, and that is, not to increase the number.

This issue concludes the work of the old staff. During our term of office we have tried to keep our paper up to the standard, but we feel that we have come short in many lines. We wish to thank all who have so generously helped us with contributions, subscriptions and advertising. We hope that our patrons will give their support to the new staff as liberally as they have given it to us, and thus help to make the Crescent of the future a complete success.

The last issue of the Crescent was delayed a few weeks on account of smallpox, which had gained a hold in our community. However, we are glad to resume our work again. We lament the fact that we were not able to play the basket ball games which were scheduled; also that Mr. Kramien was not able to go to Forest Grove to deliver his oration and that our debating work had to be given up. But as time passes on the violets are spreading their perfume in every direction, the hillsides are becoming green, old Mother Nature puts on her garments of spring, and we are glad to see our school keep in tune with the activities that surround us.

School has opened again, and, judging by the smiling faces we see on all sides, the students are not sorry. Some four weeks ago there was great rejoicing when the announcement came that a vacation was in order; now everybody seems to be just as glad to get back to work again. We have found that it is possible to get too much of a good thing, even in the line of vacations. The faculty are endeavoring to make up as much lost time as possible in the few remaining days of this term. However, one never hears

a kick. The classes will smilingly mark down a lesson which, a few weeks ago, would have plunged them into the depths of despair.

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Mr. De Tar, an uncle of Mrs. Albertson, has been visiting her for the past few days.

The students keep coming in after the short vacation. Almost all are now back again.

Miss Ione Hutchens, a former student of the college, attended chapel a few mornings ago.

If a sneeze is a sign of taking cold, some one must have caught a very large one last Tuesday.

The old cry, "That's my sore arm!" has almost subsided, and in its place comes "Exams, ugh!"

Prof. and Mrs. R. W. Kelsey attended chapel on the 22nd. Prof. Kelsey gave one of his interesting chapel talks, which the students always enjoy hearing.

Mr. Howard L. Hockett, who is soloist in the company which is traveling in the interest of the prohibition party, visited chapel on the morning of the 22nd.

Thos. W. Hester, a member of the class of '98, attended chapel on the 21st and gave a very helpful chapel talk. Mr. Hester is now attending the Portland Medical College.

The yelling at the state oratorical contest at Forest Grove was surely up to the usual standard. The racket was begun by some voice in the gallery yelling "Pit's open!"

Miss Louise Shields, state secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, spent March 15, 16 and 17 visiting with the college girls. While she was here, two or three meetings were held for the girls, and helpful suggestions were given to the various committees for their work. On Wednesday evening a very enjoyable reception was given Miss Shields by Mrs. Douglas at her home on Meridian street. Selections of music were given, and during the evening chocolate and cake were served.

Alumni Notes.

Chas. Burrows, '00, is in business in Los Angeles, California.

Miss Olive Stratton, '01, has been assisting in the Newberg post office since the holidays.

George T. Tolson is teaching this year in Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, California.

Mrs. Sarah Bond Cash and family have taken to country life on a farm north of Newberg.

Two of our last year's graduates, Agnes Hammer and Ethel Heater, are teaching in Eastern Oregon.

Miss May Lamb recently removed with her mother to Whittier, California, to make her home with an uncle.

Mr. Hervey M. Hoskins, '99, is holding a position as bookkeeper in the First National Bank of McMinnville.

For the past eight months Emmer Newby has been touring the Pacific coast with the Knox-Kantner Concert Co., of which Prof. Kelsey is manager.

Will Allen, '97, has been in the east on business for the past two months. While he was gone, his interests in Eugene were attended to by Guy Metcalf, '00.

Mr. F. C. Jackson, '99, and Miss Maude Soper, one of our former students, were married recently in Spokane, Washington. Mr. Jackson is teaching in the High School at that place.

For the past seven weeks W. C. Woodward, '98, has been visiting friends and sightseeing in Southern California. Several very readable descriptions of his travels have appeared in the Graphic.

W. H. HESS.

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
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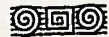
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